

ALEKSEI FEDOROV

ARISTOCRACY OF THE SPIRIT

In an era when the Leviathan state has spread its tentacles across the world, devouring freedoms, souls and even the quiet whisper of conscience, when democracy elevates quantity to a pedestal, crowning mediocrity and reducing the individual to the faceless dust of equality, Christianity rises up as the only true aristocracy. This is not the aristocracy of degenerate blood, drowned in pride and gold, not the aristocracy of coins jingling in the pockets of usurers, not the aristocracy of the cries of the crowd in the squares and parliaments. This is the aristocracy of the Spirit — shining like a lone star in a moonless night.

The aristocracy of the Spirit is a sacred inequality in which the soul ascends not by earthly ladders, but by invisible steps of grace. The equality of the world is the grave of living differences, where all become equally grey shadows; inequality is the breath of life itself, allowing one to blossom as a Lebanese cedar, another as a field lily, each in its own unique beauty before the Face of God. Freedom is the right to be unequal, the right to shine brighter or burn more quietly, but never to dissolve into a faceless mass. Aristocrats of the Spirit are wandering princes, an elite cast in the fire of baptism, standing out from the crowd not with mantles and coats of arms, but with an inner light and creative flame that no wind of history can extinguish.

Their lives are built on internal emigration: outwardly, they bow their heads before the authorities of this world, remembering the apostolic word, "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers" (Rom. 13:1), but only physically, so as not to give occasion to the enemies of the Lord. Internally, however, they remain absolutely free wanderers, whose true citizenship is in heaven (Phil. 3:20), whose only King is Christ, whose Kingdom is "not of this world" (John 18:36). For them, the state is only a shadow of the prince of darkness, permitted by God, but never an altar for worship or a source of law.

From this internal emigration, Christian protest is born — not the chaos of anarchy, but the highest harmony of the Holy Spirit, where coercion is rejected as an insult to the image of God in man. Here, the aristocracy of the Spirit flourishes in all its fullness: inequality becomes a quiet song of being, in which the strong in faith soar like eagles, and the weak find wings in the embrace of mercy.

The heart of this life is an ontological hierarchy that begins with birth from above. It is not a poetic dream, but a genuine ontological fire: "That which is born of the Spirit is spirit" (John 3:6). Man becomes a new creation, a son of God through adoption by grace: "See what love the Father has given us, that we should be called children of God" (1 John 3:1). This nobility cannot be bought or inherited by the flesh — it descends from above like the morning dew. The rich man in hell begs for a drop of water from the finger of the beggar Lazarus; the harlot Rahab enters the genealogy of the Messiah, and the crowned Herod burns in the flames. "The first shall be last, and the last shall be first" (Matthew 19:30). Christ does not destroy the hierarchy — He purifies it in the crucible, removing the rust of origin, wealth, and power. True dignity is now measured by the presence of Christ in the soul: the deeper a person dies to himself and lives by Him (Gal. 2:20), the higher his ontological throne.

Thus Christians become true aristocrats of the Spirit. They shine among the crowd like lamps on mountain tops. The equality of the world is hidden chains beneath flowers; the inequality of the Spirit is wings. Freedom is the right to shine brighter, the right to be a unique reflection of the Godhead. In the fallen world, all are equal only in decay, but in Christ, a hierarchy of light is revealed: one is given prophecy, another healing, a third quiet wisdom. This inequality of gifts is the symphony of the Body of Christ, where every voice is irreplaceable. Democracy stifles quality with quantity, but the aristocracy of the Spirit exalts the best, making them beacons in the night. And yet this hierarchy is reversed: the greatest becomes a servant (Mark 10:44), Christ washes the feet of his disciples. The aristocrats of the Spirit do not rule — they serve, shining with love and calling shadows to the light.

In the face of the modern state—a new Baal, thirsting for blood and absolute worship—they remain faithful to this principle. The state demands a monopoly on violence, on determining good and evil, on tribute in the form of taxes, on murder under the guise of patriotism. But the Christian whispers, "You cannot serve God and mammon" (Matthew 6:24), where mammon is not only gold, but also power steeped in fear and blood.

"Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's" (Matthew 22:21) is not a blessing, but an exposure: the coin bears the image of Caesar, but man bears the image of God. Taxes are paid outwardly so as not to give cause for complaint (Romans 13:7), but the heart never recognises them as righteous. The state lives by violence, and violence contradicts the Gospel: "Resist not evil"

(Matthew 5:39). The oath, the army, the courts, the parliaments — these are forms of worship of Leviathan. The Christian anarchist renounces them not through rebellion, but through quiet fidelity to the Kingdom of Heaven. Politics is a mirage, the state is an idol. He does not vote, he does not campaign, he does not covet the throne, for "friendship with the world is enmity with God" (James 4:4).

The state is a great levelling machine, a hammer striking inequality in the name of equality of the masses. Democracy is a chorus of voices where quantity tramples on quality. The aristocrat of the Spirit sees this as an insult to freedom: true freedom requires inequality so that great souls can lead, rather than sink into the swamp of the majority. He rejects the idol, obeying only God and living like a luminary in exile.

The world offers only two paths: slavery to the state or the fury of revolution. Christians choose a third path—nonviolence, the sword of the Spirit, sharper than any sword. "Love your enemies, bless those who curse you" (Matthew 5:44). This is not weakness, but the highest power — light that dispels darkness. He sees the spiritual poverty of the enemy and conquers not with weapons, but with prayer, testimony, and love: "Overcome evil with good" (Romans 12:21). The early Christians went to the lions with royal majesty; the blood of the martyrs became the seed of the Church. Rome fell — the Kingdom of God stands. Nonviolence lives in the dogmas of hospitality, in the rejection of war, in mutual aid without Leviathan. In the aristocracy of the Spirit, nonviolence is a sign of superiority: the crowd strikes out of fear, the aristocrat loves out of greatness. Inequality manifests itself in the power of forgiveness, in the height of spirit. Non-violence is an active fire that burns idols and shows that true power is in the Spirit, where the hierarchy of love is eternal.

The true Church is not a stone institution with a state hierarchy, but the living Body of Christ, where "Christ is all and in all" (Col. 3:11). In the beginning, property was shared not by compulsion, but by love: "one heart and one soul" (Acts 4:32). This is a prototype of the Kingdom — gardens of willing hearts, where the Spirit distributes gifts like stars in the sky. Life according to the Gospel is already possible today, in small communities of love, without the laws of Leviathan. In the aristocracy of the Spirit, the Church is a gathering of chosen luminaries: the inequality of gifts creates harmony, the masses are equal only in sin, the Church is equal in the diversity of grace. Christians build such gardens, where freedom blossoms with the flower of inequality in love.

The freedom of a Christian is the right to shine in inequality before God. The world promises freedom in equality — this is a lie that hides chains. An aristocrat of the Spirit is free in difference,

blooming without the shackles of the crowd. "You are called to freedom, brothers" (Gal. 5:13) — from sin, from the world, from the state. Freedom requires responsibility: the higher serve the lower, as the stars shine upon the earth.

The masses are a faceless sea, equal in weakness; the individual is a star, unequal and shining. A Christian is always an individual, creating in freedom. Inequality is the crucible of creativity: the equal sleep, the unequal create, like God Himself. "We are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works" (Eph. 2:10).

We are strangers and pilgrims on earth, dust on the roads of empires (Heb. 11:13). Our home is in heaven. Outwardly, we bow our heads so as not to give cause for offence, but inwardly we remain absolutely free in Christ. We do not take up the sword, but we conquer under the Cross — the eternal sign of love.

Democracy whispers, "You are one of many, disappear into the crowd." Leviathan growls, "Serve or perish." The Holy Spirit proclaims in the heart, "You are a child of God, a prince of the Kingdom of Heaven, an aristocrat of the Spirit, a superhuman in God."

Rome fell into dust. So will the present Babylon fall. And the Kingdom, begun in the hearts of the reborn, will remain forever — like eternal spring.

We stand beneath the Cross. And we will stand there until heaven and earth pass away.

In Christ Jesus, King of kings, Lord of lords, the Only Lord of free souls.

Amen.

Principles of the Aristocracy of the Spirit:

1. Domus mea, regnum meum.

My house is my kingdom, where Christ is the only Lord.

"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord" (Joshua 24:15). "We must obey God rather than men" (Acts 5:29).

An aristocrat of the spirit recognises only one supreme authority over his family and home — the authority of Christ. For him, home is not just a roof over his head or a territory subject to Caesar, but a true little kingdom where God's law reigns. Neither officials, nor police, nor social services, nor the opinion of neighbours or the majority have the right to dictate how to live, whom to accept, what to teach children, and how to worship God.

The state may demand taxes and external obedience, but the threshold of the home is the boundary beyond which the jurisdiction of the Heavenly King begins. Here, the father of the family is the vicegerent of Christ, not an agent of Leviathan. Any attempt by the world to invade this holy of holies with coercion, control, or the "good" of the majority meets with quiet but firm resistance from conscience: we obey God unconditionally, and people only insofar as it does not contradict Him.

The home is a fortress of freedom, the last bastion of the aristocracy of the Spirit in a fallen world. As long as at least one such home stands, the Kingdom of God is visibly and tangibly present on earth.

2. Nullum tributum iniustum reddo.

I do not voluntarily pay any unjust tax.

Samuel warned the people: the king's taxes are slavery, when he takes your sons into the army, your daughters into servitude, the best fields and vineyards for himself, and a tenth of the harvest and herds (1 Kings 8:11–17). "The sons are free" (Matthew 17:25–26), said Christ, showing that the sons of the Heavenly King are not obliged to feed earthly parasites.

An aristocrat of the Spirit distinguishes between external submission and internal recognition. If Leviathan forcibly extorts tribute to feed his wars, bureaucracy, propaganda, and vices, he can take his share from the body, but not from the soul. Taxes are paid only insofar as resistance to them would give rise to greater evil or persecution (Rom. 13:7), but never with approval, never as a duty of righteousness. The heart does not recognise this tribute as just, for the true King is Christ, not Caesar, and His subjects are not obliged to support an idol. Unjust taxation is not payment for "services," but robbery under the guise of law: money taken from God's family goes to murder in the name of "patriotism," to the corruption of children in schools, to the maintenance of prisons for dissenters, to feeding the godless elite. The Son of the King does not participate in this voluntarily: he is not proud of "paying taxes as a civic duty" and does not boast of his "honesty before the state." His honesty is before God. Therefore, the aristocrat of the Spirit seeks legitimate ways to minimise his tribute to Leviathan without compromising his conscience: he lives simply, avoids excess, and builds his life in such a way as to feed the beast as little as possible. And when the time comes, he is ready to give up everything, just so as not to feed Babylon. For better poverty in freedom than wealth in slavery to mammon and Caesar. The sons of the Kingdom are free — and this freedom begins with the refusal to recognise unjust tribute as righteous.

3. Nemo me invitus tenet, nemo me invitus dimittit.

No one holds me against my will or lets me go without my consent.

"Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage" (Gal. 5:1).

An aristocrat of the Spirit is not a slave to systems built on lies. Neither the state, nor society, nor a false "social contract" has the power to bind his conscience or body without his free consent. He does not recognise coercive bonds: neither obligations to "society," nor membership in organisations, nor contracts imposed by force or deception. He may enter into a union of his own free will, but he is always free to leave, for the freedom of the sons of God is above any human chains. This world loves to hold people by force and release them only with "permission," but the son of the King does not ask permission for freedom. His loyalty is only to Christ, not to the idols of Leviathan. Any attempt to force him to stay or leave is met with a firm "I am free in Christ." This freedom is the shield of conscience, the foundation of inner independence in a world where everything is bought and sold. As long as the aristocrat of the Spirit stands in this freedom, he remains free from any yoke of slavery.

4. Exire semper licet, manere numquam cogor.

I always have the right to leave; no one can force me to stay.

"Come out from among them and be separate, says the Lord, and touch no unclean thing; and I will receive you" (2 Cor. 6:17). "Do not love the world or anything in the world" (1 John 2:15).

The aristocrat of the Spirit is not bound by any ties to the fallen world, except those he voluntarily accepts in the name of love or peace. The state, society, institutions — all these are the networks of Babylon, demanding eternal loyalty, oaths, membership, and obedience. But the son of the Heavenly King remains a stranger: he can enter any system only outwardly, so as not to give cause for persecution, but always retains the sacred right to leave when conscience dictates separation. No one has the right to force him to remain in idolatry, in compromise with sin, or in service to Leviathan. This world loves to impose "inalienable" obligations: citizenship as an eternal chain, school as coercion to corruption, work as slavery to mammon, even church structures as earthly power. But the aristocrat of the Spirit whispers: "I came into this world, but I am not of this world"

(cf. John 17:16). He enters into marriage, into community, into labour of his own free will and love, but if the union becomes an idol or requires renunciation of Christ, he leaves without looking back, without the permission of Caesar or the majority. Internal emigration becomes an action here: to separate oneself from the unclean means to purify the soul, to preserve the light in the darkness. This right is the sword of the Spirit against the totalitarian claims of the state, which does not allow "leave" without penalty, trial, or shame. It protects freedom of conscience from any social contracts imposed by birth or deception. The aristocrat of the Spirit does not ask permission to separate: he simply leaves, like Lot from Sodom, like Israel from Egypt, like the early Christians from the Roman idols. To remain in Babylon by force is to betray the Kingdom of Heaven; to leave is to affirm the aristocracy of the Spirit in its purity. As long as this right is alive in the heart, no empire can completely captivate the soul: the wanderer is always free to go further, towards the light, where Christ is the only Lord.

The freedom to leave is the crown of inner independence, the last bastion of personality against dissolution into the masses.

5. Foedus scriptum, non fictum.

The covenant is only written and explicit, not implied.

"Moses took the book of the covenant and read it aloud to the people, and they said, 'All that the Lord has spoken we will do and obey'" (Exodus 24:7). "I make this covenant and this oath not only with you alone, but also with those who stand here with us today before the Lord our God, and with those who are not here with us today" (Deut. 29:14–15).

The Aristocrat of the Spirit recognises only those alliances and commitments that are made openly, in writing, voluntarily and personally — like God's Covenant, read aloud and accepted with a free "amen" from those present. No implied, silent or imposed "social contracts", no mythical agreements supposedly given by ancestors or by birth on a certain land. The state likes to claim that a person has already "agreed" to be its subject simply because he was born in its clutches, that his ancestors once supposedly transferred this power over their descendants to him. But the son of the Kingdom of Heaven rejects such lies: a covenant without explicit, personal and conscious consent is

is a fiction, an idolatrous invention of Leviathan to bind souls with chains they never accepted. Future generations are free from any obligations taken on by their ancestors without their knowledge and consent. Constitutions, treaties, and the oaths of fathers have no power over children unless they have personally and voluntarily confirmed them. Just as Israel stood before the Lord and said, "We will do it," so the aristocrat of the Spirit stands before God alone: his "yes" is his alone, his "no" is his alone. No "inherited debt," no "collective contract," no "social contract" supposedly concluded on his behalf by philosophers or revolutionaries of the past. The state asserts, "You are already ours because you were born here." But the Christian replies, "I was born of the Spirit, and my citizenship is in heaven; the earthly chains of my ancestors do not touch me."

This freedom destroys the myth of the eternal power of empires: no constitution, no "social contract" can claim eternity, binding those who did not give their consent. The aristocrat of the Spirit does not recognise "implied consent" to taxes, laws, wars or idolatry of the state — he demands explicit, written, personal confirmation of each obligation. If there is no such confirmation, he is free as a bird in the sky. This is a shield against totalitarian claims that seek to make slavery hereditary and inevitable. As long as this rule is alive, the soul remains inviolable: the covenants of this world are dust before the face of God's Covenant, which each person accepts for themselves, face to face. Freedom from fictitious contracts is the basis of true personal autonomy, the crown of the aristocracy of the Spirit, where a person is accountable only to the One who gave them the breath of life.

6. Lex Dei supra omnem legem humanam.

God's law is above any human law.

"We must obey God rather than men" (Acts 5:29). "The God we serve is able to save us from the fiery furnace, and he will deliver us from your hand, O king. But even if He does not, be assured, O king, that we will not serve your gods or worship the golden image you have set up" (Dan. 3:17–18).

The aristocrat of the Spirit recognises only one eternal and absolute Law—the Law of God, revealed in Scripture and sealed by the Holy Spirit in the heart of the born-again. All human laws, constitutions, decrees, and regulations have force only insofar as they do not contradict this higher Law. As soon as earthly authority demands worship of idols, murder, lies, corruption, or renunciation of Christ, obedience ceases instantly and unconditionally. The apostles before the Sanhedrin, the three youths in the fiery furnace, the martyrs before the Roman emperors — these are examples of that royal freedom when a person stands before Leviathan and says, "No." Earthly laws are for the slaves of this world, for those who know no other King. They are binding only outwardly, when resistance to them would bring useless evil or give cause to the enemies of the Lord (Rom. 13:1–7). But the conscience of an aristocrat of the Spirit never bows before them as before righteous ones. If the law requires swearing allegiance to the idol of the state, participating in war, remaining silent about sin, sending children to be corrupted in schools, or recognising as marriage what God has called an abomination, the Christian responds with a quiet but unyielding refusal. He does not rebel with the sword, does not take to the barricades, but remains absolutely free within himself: "We obey God rather than men." The state declares itself the source of law, goodness, and truth, demanding absolute obedience even in matters of conscience. But the aristocrat of the Spirit sees in this an ancient temptation: "You will be like gods" (Genesis 3:5). God's law is the only one that determines good and evil; human law is only a shadow, often distorted by sin and pride. When Leviathan commands to kill in the name of "patriotism," to remain silent in the name of "tolerance," or to worship himself in the name of "democracy," the son of the Kingdom responds like Daniel, like the apostles, like Christ before Pilate: truth is higher than Caesar. This loftiness of God's Law is the foundation of all aristocracy of the Spirit: it makes the Christian immune to any totalitarian claim. As long as he stands on "thus saith the Lord," no empire can captivate his soul. Earthly laws change, collapse, turn to dust; God's Law remains forever. The aristocrat of the Spirit does not despise outward obedience for the sake of peace, but never confuses it with inner recognition. He is a citizen of the Heavenly Kingdom, where there is one Law and one Lawgiver (James 4:12). And in this lies his supreme nobility, his invincible freedom, his eternal superiority over all the kings and parliaments of the earth.

7. My money is in my hand, not in Caesar's hand.

My money is in my hand, not in Caesar's hand.

"Was it not in your power to sell it? And after it was sold, was it not in your power to keep it?" (Acts 5:4). "But if anyone does not provide for his own, and especially for those of his household, he has denied the faith and is worse than an unbeliever" (1 Tim. 5:8). "Steal not... but labour, working with your hands what is good, that you may have something to give to him who has need" (Eph. 4:28).

An aristocrat of the Spirit recognises his property and the fruits of his labour as a sacred gift from God, entrusted to him personally as a steward before the Heavenly King. Money, house, field, harvest

— It is not the property of the state, not "public property," not material to be redistributed at the whim of Leviathan, but a trust from the Creator, Who gave man dominion over creation (Genesis 1:28). Man is accountable for this property only to God and his conscience: how to use it, to whom to give it, to whom to refuse it — he decides for himself, at the behest of the Holy Spirit, and not by decree of Caesar or the majority. The state declares itself the supreme disposer of the people's wealth, taking it away under the guise of "social justice," "the common good," or "redistribution." It robs the labourer to feed the idle, wars, bureaucracy, and the vices of the elite, calling robbery a "tax on solidarity" and coercion "care." But the aristocrat of the Spirit sees in this an ancient lie: "Your fruits are mine," whispers Leviathan, repeating the devil's temptation in paradise. True justice lies not in violent equality, but in voluntary love: Ananias and Sapphira fell not because they did not give everything, but because they lied before the Spirit (Acts 5:3–4). The social "justice" of this world is idolatry of mammon, dressed up in the robes of charity. It takes from the labourer to give to the idler, destroys responsibility, encourages envy and laziness, and makes everyone equally destitute under the heel of the state. The aristocrat of the Spirit rejects this robbery: he works with his own hands, cares for his loved ones above all else, and gives the surplus to the needy of his own free will — to the beggar on the porch, the widow in the community, the guest in his house. His almsgiving

— is secret, as Christ commanded (Matthew 6:3–4), and not a public show before Caesar. He does not wait for Leviathan to "solve" the problem of poverty: the state creates poverty by taking away the fruits

labour and destroying families. Money in a person's hand is a sign of their dignity, their aristocracy of Spirit. When Caesar lays his hand on them, demanding "his share" for murder, corruption, and idolatry, the son of the Kingdom pays only outwardly, so as not to give cause for complaint (Rom. 13:7), but in his heart he rejects this tribute as unjust. He lives simply, avoids excesses, builds his life so as to feed the beast as little as possible, and is always ready to give everything for Christ, just as the early Christians sold their possessions and brought them to the apostles' feet — voluntarily, without orders from above (Acts 4:34–35). Property is not a goal, but an instrument of freedom: it allows one to care for one's family, welcome strangers, and help one's brothers without the mediation of the state. When Leviathan takes it away under the guise of "social welfare," it destroys the very possibility of true charity, replacing love with coercion and freedom with envy. The aristocrat of the Spirit stands guard: my money is in my hand, under my control before God. I decide whom to give to and whom to refuse; I am responsible for my own before strangers; I do good from the heart, not out of fear of the tax inspector.

As long as property remains in the hands of man and not Caesar, the last bastion of freedom in a fallen world is preserved. The state dreams of complete control over the purse in order to control the soul: he who pays owns. But the son of the Kingdom whispers: "My wealth — is Christ, and earthly wealth is only a temporary trust." Better poverty in freedom than wealth in the chains of redistribution. For true wealth is not in gold, but in a heart that gives willingly, as Christ Himself gave Himself for us. Thus, the aristocracy of the Spirit guards property as sacred autonomy: my money is in my hand, under my control before the Face of God. No robbery under the guise of "justice." No coercion to "generosity." Only free love, only personal responsibility, only the royal dignity of the son of the Heavenly King.

8. Filiis meis ego, non respublica, educo.

I raise my children, not the state.

"And these words which I command you today shall be in your heart; and you shall teach them diligently to your children, and shall talk of them when you sit in your house, and when you walk by the way, and when you lie down, and when you rise up" (Deut.

6:6–7). “And you, fathers, do not provoke your children to anger, but bring them up in the discipline and instruction of the Lord” (Eph. 6:4). “Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it” (Prov. 22:6).

The aristocrat of the Spirit recognises the upbringing of children as a sacred duty and the highest privilege entrusted by God directly to parents, not to the faceless machine of Leviathan. Children are not a "resource of society," not the "future of the nation," not raw material for the state conveyor belt, but a priceless gift from the Creator, entrusted to the father and mother as stewards before the Heavenly King. To raise them is to impart to them the image of God, to imprint the Law of the Lord on their hearts, to teach them the fear of God, love of truth, and freedom in Christ. This is a matter of heart to heart, from generation to generation, as Moses commanded: God's words must be heard in the home, on the road, in the morning and in the evening — in the living, everyday communication of the family. The state, however, declares itself the supreme educator, taking children away under the guise of

"compulsory education," "inclusiveness," and "socialisation." Its schools are not temples of knowledge, but brainwashing factories where souls are levelled, consciences are dulled, and truth is replaced by the ideology of Leviathan. There, they teach to worship the state as the highest value, to accept sin as the norm, to be ashamed of the faith of their fathers, to dissolve into a faceless mass of "citizens of the world." There corruption is presented as "enlightenment", envy — as "justice", and fear of Caesar — as "Patriotism." The early years, when the soul is as soft as wax, are given into the hands of godless bureaucrats, psychologists, and teachers whose goal is to erase the image of God from the child and instil the image of the beast. The aristocrat of the Spirit sees in this the ancient temptation of Pharaoh: "Let your children remain in Egypt and serve me." He rejects this lie: the children are mine, not Caesar's. I, not the res publica, decide what to teach them, what books to read, what values to instil, and what dangers to protect them from. Education is not a "service" of the state, but a sacred covenant between God, parents and the child. The father is Christ's representative in the home, the mother is the guardian of the hearth of grace; their word carries more weight than any decree from the ministry. State schools require children to be sent there for the whole day so that they can be remoulded in their own image: taught to remain silent about God, to celebrate abominations, to despise their parents as "backward". But the son of the Kingdom says, "No." He either rejects this system altogether, choosing home schooling, community schools of the faithful, or other paths where Christ remains the centre; or, if external coercion

is inevitable, he supplements and corrects everything at home — exposing lies, strengthening the truth, protecting the soul from poison. The child's heart is never completely given over to Leviathan: evening conversations by the hearth, prayer before bed, reading Scripture are stronger than any propaganda. The upbringing of children is the crown of the aristocracy of the Spirit: here inequality flourishes in love, here the personality is born free, here the fire of grace is passed from heart to heart. The state dreams of equal, grey, obedient cogs; the aristocrat of the Spirit raises princes of the Kingdom of Heaven — unique, radiant, unconquered. When parents give this power to Caesar, they betray their birthright: the child becomes a stranger, the soul — captive, the family — broken in spirit. As long as the father and mother stand guard: "I raise my children, not the res publica," the continuity of the Kingdom of God on earth is preserved. The home becomes a school of freedom, where they teach not career and "success," but the fear of God and love for one's neighbour; where history is not a myth of the state, but God's path through the ages; where science is reflection on the creation of the Creator. Better illiteracy in freedom than "education" in slavery of the spirit. For true knowledge

is the knowledge of Christ, and everything else is only a tool. Thus, the aristocracy of the Spirit protects the seed: children are in the hands of their parents under the protection of God, and not in the clutches of Leviathan. No brainwashing factories. No coercion to corruption under the guise of "progress." Only fatherly instruction, motherly tenderness, the family hearth as a small church. In this lies the eternal victory over empires: states collapse, but families raised in the Lord bear fruit forever. The aristocrat of the Spirit whispers to children at their cradle:

"You are a child of God, a prince of the Kingdom of Heaven, free in Christ." And this truth is stronger than any school curriculum.

9. My domestic and federal church.

My church is domestic and covenanted, not state-run.

"Greet Priscilla and Aquila... Greet also the church in their house" (Rom. 16:3–5). "Breaking bread from house to house, they ate their food with gladness and simplicity of heart" (Acts 2:46). "For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them" (Matthew 18:20). "The churches of Asia send you greetings. Aquila and Priscilla greet you warmly in the Lord, together with the church in their house" (1 Corinthians 16:19).

The aristocrat of the Spirit recognises the true Church not in magnificent buildings under the supervision of Caesar, not in registered corporations subject to earthly laws and subsidies from Leviathan, but in small gatherings of the faithful — domestic and intimate, where Christ Himself is present among two or three gathered in His name. For him, the Church is not a state institution, not a "legal entity" with a charter, taxes, and government permission, but the living organism of the Body of Christ: families gathering around the hearth for prayer, breaking bread, reading Scripture, and mutual instruction. This is the apostolic church — as in the days when believers met in homes, avoiding Roman idols and persecution, preserving purity from the world. The state and the world have always sought to subjugate the Church: sometimes making it the official religion of the empire, as Constantine did, sometimes registering it as a "public organisation," sometimes taxing it, sometimes demanding loyalty to Caesar above Christ. Today, Leviathan offers "protection" and privileges in exchange for silence about sin, for blessing its wars, for accepting abominations under the guise of "tolerance," for rejecting discipline and preaching the whole truth. The registered "church" becomes an appendage of the state: priests become officials, meetings become controlled events, donations become accountable, and the Gospel becomes muted so as not to offend the majority or the authorities. Where Caesar provides a building, subsidies, or status, Christ is no longer the complete Lord: His word is curtailed, His commandments are softened, His Kingdom is mixed with the kingdom of this world. But the aristocrat of the Spirit rejects this compromise: his Church is a home church, like that of Priscilla and Aquila, where the assembly is free from earthly chains, where no one demands "registration" for worshiping God, where bread is broken in simplicity and joy, without reports and permits. This is the covenant church—based on a clear, personal covenant between believers and with Christ, not on papers from the Ministry of Justice. Believers gather as brothers and sisters, not as "members of an NGO"; they obey only Scripture and the Holy Spirit, not statutes imposed by Leviathan. If the state requires registration in order to gather "legally," the son of the Kingdom responds: "We gather in the Name of Christ, not by your permission; where two or three are gathered, there is the Church, and no Caesar has the right to define it." The home church is a stronghold of purity in a fallen world: there is no room here for compromise with the idols of democracy or progress; discipline here is strict, as in apostolic times; the whole truth is preached here, even

if it burns the conscience of the majority. Here children are baptised according to the faith of their parents in the covenant, here marriages are concluded before God, not before the registry office, here help for the poor comes from the heart, not through government funds. Leviathan fears such gatherings: they are uncontrollable, untaxable, uncensorable; they multiply quietly, like seeds in the ground, and carry the fire of the Spirit, which is beyond the reach of the state's fire extinguishers. The state

"church" is Babylon in robes: it blesses what God curses, remains silent where it should cry out, and cries out where it should remain silent. It trades grace for privileges, turning the altar into Caesar's tribunal. The aristocrat of the Spirit flees from it, as the early Christians fled from the Roman temples, as the reformers fled from papal Rome: he seeks a gathering of the faithful where Christ is the only Head, where Scripture is the only constitution, where the freedom of the Spirit is the only law. If necessary, they gather secretly, in the catacombs of modernity; if possible, openly, but always independently. As long as the domestic and cherished Church is alive, the Kingdom of God is present on earth as a light in the darkness: small gatherings are the stronghold of the aristocracy of the Spirit, where souls remain free, pure, and faithful. Here there is no hierarchy according to the order of this world, no salaries from the state, no fear of inspectors. Only brothers around the hearth, only the Word of God, only the presence of the Risen One. Better a small home church in faithfulness than a grand cathedral in betrayal. For the true Church is not a building or an organisation, but people gathered by Christ; it does not need the seal of Caesar to be legitimate before Heaven.

Thus the aristocracy of the Spirit guards the Body of Christ: my Church is domestic and sacred, under one Head — Christ, and not under the heel of Leviathan. No compromises for privileges. No silence for the sake of "peace." Only the purity of the apostolic faith, only the freedom of the Spirit, only the royal assembly of the sons of the Heavenly King. In this lies the eternal victory over all earthly empires: states come and go, but home churches remain, passing on the fire of grace from house to house, from heart to heart, until the coming of the Lord.

10. Si foedus violatur, exire possum usque ad virum unum et domum unam.

If the covenant is broken, I will go as far as one person and one house.

“Not everyone who says to Me, ‘Lord, Lord,’ shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he who does the will of My Father in heaven” (Matthew 7:21). “If the unbeliever separates, let him separate; a brother or sister is not bound in such cases” (1 Corinthians 7:15). “And Abram said to Lot, ‘Let there be no strife between you and me... Separate yourself from me’” (Genesis 13:8–9). “Come out from among them and be separate, says the Lord, and touch no unclean thing” (2 Corinthians 6:17).

An aristocrat of the Spirit does not cling to false alliances bound only by habit, fear, or external pressure. If a covenant—whether family, church, community, or even state—is fundamentally broken, if it requires renouncing Christ, compromising with sin, or worshipping the idols of this world, the son of the Kingdom has a sacred right to leave. And to leave radically: down to one person and one house, without seeking the approval of the majority, without waiting for a collective decision, without fear of accusations of

"schism" or "selfishness." This is not flight or emigration in search of a better land under the same Leviathan, but secession — the birth of a new, pure community where Christ once again becomes the only Lord. This world loves eternal, unbreakable structures: the state declares itself eternal, church denominations — infallible, families

— indissoluble even in corruption, communities — obligatory for all born into them. But the aristocrat of the Spirit sees in this an ancient lie: no human union is higher than the Covenant with God. When a union ceases to be a covenant of grace and turns into a chain of sin, silence about the truth, or service to mammon, leaving it becomes not a right but a duty of conscience. Abraham and Lot parted peacefully, not out of enmity, but for the sake of purity: one remained faithful to his calling, the other went his own way. Paul allows the believer to let go of the unbelieving spouse, without binding the conscience with chains of destruction. Christ Himself warns: "I did not come to bring peace, but a sword" (Matthew 10:34) — the sword that separates the wheat from the chaff, light from darkness. This right is the foundation of all true communities in the history of salvation: Abraham left Ur and Haran alone, with his household; Israel left Egypt, separating itself from the idols of Pharaoh; the prophets went into the desert when the temple was defiled; the early Christians gathered in homes, separating themselves from the synagogue and

Roman temples; the Puritans sailed to the New World to build a city on a hill, free from the compromises of the Anglican Church; the faithful in the catacombs, in the forests, in the mountains always started anew — with one person, one family, one house. Secession is not destruction, but purification: when the majority leans toward idols, the minority, and sometimes even one person, leaves, taking with them the fire of the Covenant. This is how new communities are born — pure, small, faithful, where the Word of God is heard again without any admixture. The state hates such secession: it declares it "separatism," "extremism", "a threat to unity". Church structures fear it, calling "schism." Families cling to it out of fear of loneliness. But the aristocrat of the Spirit knows: better to be alone with Christ in the desert than with a thousand in Babylon without Him. He does not wait for the majority to "see the light"; he does not ask permission to leave; he does not compromise. If the church blesses abomination, if the community demands silence about sin, if the state commands worship of itself — he leaves quietly but resolutely, like Lot from Sodom, like Levi Matthew from the tax office, like the apostles from the Sanhedrin. Leaving, even if it is just one person and one house, is the crown of freedom of the aristocracy of the Spirit: here the individual affirms his royal dignity, refusing to dissolve into the mass of perdition. This is not pride, but humility before God: "I cannot remain where You are betrayed." This is an act of love for the truth, not hatred for people: by leaving, he leaves the door open for those who will follow and shines like a beacon in the darkness. Small communities born of such secession are the seeds of the Kingdom: they multiply quietly, preserve purity, and pass on the faith to children without the poison of the world. As long as this right to leave when the covenant is broken remains alive, no empire, no denomination, no system will be able to completely captivate the Body of Christ. The majority may fall, but the remnant will always go into the desert, so that there, by a single hearth, they may hear the voice of the Lord again: "Behold, I am with you." Better a small community in faithfulness than a large one in betrayal. Better one house where Christ is Lord than a thousand temples where Caesar reigns. Thus the aristocracy of the Spirit guards the purity of the Covenant: if it is broken, I leave without looking back, down to the last person and the last house. No eternal chains under the guise of "unity." No compromises for the sake of "peace." Only faithfulness to Christ, only secession for the sake of the Kingdom, only the birth of new communities from the ashes of compromise. In this lies the eternal victory of the remnant: empires collapse, compromises

Churches are emptying, but small houses of the faithful stand forever, awaiting the Coming of the One who said:

"Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom" (Luke 12:32).

11. I do not participate in elections, I do not seek civil power.

I do not participate in elections, I do not seek civil power, I do not swear allegiance to the state.

"My kingdom is not of this world. If my kingdom were of this world, my servants would fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is my kingdom not from hence" (John 18:36).

"Adulterers and adulteresses! Do you not know that friendship with the world is enmity with God? Whoever therefore wants to be a friend of the world makes himself an enemy of God" (James 4:4).

"Swear not at all: neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is His footstool" (Matthew 5:34–35).

An aristocrat of the Spirit does not participate in the mechanisms of earthly power, does not vote in elections, does not seek positions in the structures of Leviathan, and does not swear allegiance to the state as the highest authority. He recognises only one King — Christ, Who said, "My kingdom is not of this world," and does not confuse His eternal dominion with temporary kingdoms built on violence, lies, and idolatry. Participation in elections is not

"civic duty," but the illusion of participation in a system where the voice of the son of the Kingdom of Heaven is equated with the voice of a sodomite, an atheist, or a worshipper of mammon; where "choice" is offered only between options approved by the beast; where victory is achieved through compromise, propaganda, and bribery, rather than truth and righteousness. This world proclaims democracy to be the highest form of government, demanding "participation" from all as proof of loyalty: vote, or you are "outside society"; seek power, or you are

"irresponsible"; swear allegiance to the flag and the constitution, or you are a "traitor." But the aristocrat of the Spirit sees in this an ancient temptation: "Worship me, and I will give you all the kingdoms of the world" (Matthew 4:8–9). Christ rejected this offer from Satan, did not seek political power, did not organise parties, did not call for voting — He simply preached the Kingdom, not of this world. The apostles did not vote in the Sanhedrin or the Roman Senate, did not swear allegiance to Caesar as lord, did not seek positions in the empire — they testified about another King and suffered persecution for refusing to worship the idols of the state. Voting is a Babylonian farce: it creates the illusion that the people "rule themselves," when in fact the elite manipulates the masses by offering a choice between two

two sides of the same coin — both devoted to mammon, war, and sin. The voice of the faithful weighs as much as the voice of the corrupt; the ignorant majority decides what is good and evil, replacing God's law with the "will of the people." By participating, the son of the Kingdom unwittingly legitimises this system: he recognises the state as the source of power, not God; he agrees that righteousness is determined by the counting of ballots, not by "thus saith the Lord." Even if the "lesser evil" wins, evil remains evil, and complicity in it taints the conscience. To seek civil authority is to desire to sit on Caesar's throne, to wield the sword of Leviathan, to collect taxes for wars and vices, to impose laws that often contradict God. This is the path downward: from the royal dignity of the Son of God to the role of an official of the beast. The oath to the state is an oath of allegiance to an idol: "I promise to serve the constitution, the flag, the people" — as if this were higher than serving Christ. But Christ commanded us not to swear at all, for every earthly oath implies supreme authority over conscience, and conscience belongs only to God. The aristocrat of the Spirit remains a stranger in the politics of this world: he does not rebel with a sword, does not take to the barricades, but neither does he participate in the farce, does not stain his hands with the filth of idolatry. His "voice" is a testimony to the truth in everyday life, his "authority" is the influence of the Spirit in the home, in the community, among his neighbours. He pays taxes outwardly so as not to give cause for complaint (Rom. 13:7), prays for kings (1 Tim. 2:1–2), but in his heart does not recognise them as rulers. Friendship with the world is enmity against God: participation in its elections, oaths, and struggle for power makes a Christian a "friend of the world," dissolves him into the masses, and deprives him of his royal detachment. As long as the son of the Kingdom stands aside from the political circus, he preserves his purity: his citizenship is in heaven (Phil. 3:20), his King has already conquered the world (John 16:33). It is better to be rejected as a "non-citizen" in the eyes of Leviathan than to be an accomplice to his lies. It is better to remain silent during elections than to shout

"Hosanna!" to the latest idol of the majority. It is better to have no earthly power than to lose the power of the Spirit. This is how the aristocracy of the Spirit guards its purity: it does not participate in elections, does not seek civil power, does not swear allegiance to the idols of the state. No complicity in the farce of democracy. No compromise for the sake of "influence." Only loyalty to the one King, Whose Kingdom is not of this world. In this lies the highest freedom, eternal superiority over all parliaments and presidents: they come and go, but the sons of the Heavenly Kingdom stand forever, waiting for the true Lord, Who will come to judge the living and the dead — not by ballots, but by the truth of His Word.

12. It is better to have one house free than a thousand under a tyrant.

Better one free house than a thousand under a tyrant.

"When Moses had grown up, he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, and chose rather to suffer with the people of God than to enjoy the temporary pleasures of sin, considering the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt" (Hebrews 11:24–26). "For what profit is it to a man to gain the whole world and forfeit or destroy himself?" (Luke 9:25). "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom" (Luke 12:32).

The aristocrat of the Spirit does not measure freedom by the number of houses, lands, or riches under the heel of Leviathan, but by the quality of the one house where Christ is the only Lord. A thousand palaces full of gold and servants, but saturated with fear of Caesar, taxes for wars, coercion to idolatry, and corruption of souls—this is not wealth, but a luxurious prison where a person loses himself, dissolving into the system of the beast. One house — simple, poor, but free from the chains of the state, where the father decides according to his conscience, the mother raises her children in the fear of God, and the door is open only to strangers in the Name of Christ — is the true kingdom, a small stronghold of the Heavenly City on earth, where the breath of freedom is pure and full. This world tempts with abundance: "Take a loan from Caesar, build a thousand houses, accumulate wealth under his protection, become part of a great empire — and you will be safe." But the aristocrat of the Spirit sees in this the ancient lie of the pharaoh: Egypt offers palaces and treasures, but at the price of slavery of the soul. Moses rejected the sonship of the pharaoh's daughter, preferring the tents of nomads in the desert and reproach with the people of God to the luxury of the tyrant. He understood that poverty in freedom is better than wealth in chains. So the son of the Kingdom of Heaven chooses one free house — the fortress of conscience, where there is no place for an official with regulations, a tax inspector with robbery, a school teacher with the poison of corruption, or a policeman with an order to remain silent about sin. Here, God's law reigns supreme; here, children grow up as princes of the Spirit; here, prayer is offered without fear of "registration"; here, property is used according to the dictates of the heart, not by decree of the majority. The state thrives on the abundance of its subjects and territories: it promises "prosperity" in exchange for obedience, but this prosperity is a mirage built on blood, debt, and compromise. A thousand houses under a tyrant are a thousand hearths where fire

The spirit is stifled by fear, where the father is not Christ's representative, but Leviathan's agent, where children learn to worship the idol of "public good" rather than the Creator. Such "wealth" is decay: it collapses at the first crisis, when Caesar demands more blood, more taxes, more silence. But one free house stands forever: it does not depend on the subsidies of the beast, does not fear his inspections, does not need his "protection." It is like Noah's ark in the flood, like Abraham's tent in Canaan, like the catacombs of the early Christians under Rome: small but invincible, for the Lord Himself is present in it. An aristocrat of the Spirit is ready to lose everything earthly for the sake of this one house: to sell his estates, to go into simplicity, even into poverty, just so as not to feed Leviathan and not to betray his conscience. Better a hut in the forest, where Scripture is read without censorship, than a villa with the Caesar's surveillance cameras. Better one hearth, where bread is broken in simplicity of heart, than a thousand restaurants paid for with tribute to vice. The state exists as long as we tolerate and feed it: it feeds on our fear of losing "wealth," our consent to compromise, our desire for for "a thousand houses" under its sceptre. But patience will end when the son of the Kingdom says: "Enough, I choose one free house" — and Leviathan will be left with a desert: without subjects, without tribute, without the illusion of power. Empires collapse not from revolutions with swords, but from the quiet departure of the faithful: one house after another separates, like Lot from Sodom, like Israel from Egypt, and the beast remains alone in its luxury, which turns to dust. This principle is the crown of all the aristocracy of the Spirit: not the quantity, but the quality of freedom; not abundance under a tyrant, but unity under Christ. A small flock is stronger than great armies, for the Father has been pleased to give it the Kingdom. One free house is the seed of eternal spring, from which new communities, new generations of faithful, new oases of light in the desert of Babylon grow. As long as at least one such house stands — with an open Bible on the table, with prayer at the hearth, with children raised in the truth — the Kingdom of God is visibly present, Leviathan trembles, and darkness retreats. Thus the aristocracy of the Spirit affirms its supreme dignity: better one free house where Christ is King than a thousand under a tyrant where man is a slave. No fear of losing the "riches of the world." No compromise for the sake of "prosperity." Only royal simplicity, only freedom of conscience, only eternal treasure in one small kingdom — a house where "I and my household will serve the Lord." In this lies the invincible strength of the remnant: empires will fall, thousands of houses

will turn to ruins, but one free house will remain forever, waiting for the One who said, "In My Father's house are many mansions" (John 14:2).

13. Paratus sum migrare, ubi Christus est Dominus solus.

I am ready to go where Christ is the only Lord.

"Go forth from your land, from your kindred, and from your father's house, and go to the land that I will show you" (Gen. 12:1). "All these died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off... But they looked for a better country, that is, a heavenly one. Therefore God is not ashamed to be called their God, for He has prepared a city for them" (Hebrews 11:13-16). "For here we have no lasting city, but we seek the one to come" (Hebrews 13:14).

The aristocrat of the Spirit is an eternal wanderer whose only homeland is the Kingdom of Heaven, whose only flag is the Cross of Christ, whose only Lord is the Risen One. Neither the land of birth, nor the language of ancestors, nor the borders drawn by Caesar, nor "patriotic duty" have no power to keep him where Christ ceases to be the only Lord. If Babylon demands worship, if the native land is turned into an altar to Leviathan, where taxes go to murder, schools to corruption, laws to abomination, and churches to silence about sin, the son of the Kingdom whispers, "I am ready to leave." Not out of hatred for people or the land, but out of love for the Truth: better to wander into the unknown with Christ than to settle in idolatry without Him. This world tenaciously holds man by his roots: "Here is your homeland, here are the graves of your fathers, here is your mother's language, here is the flag under which your ancestors shed their blood — stay, serve, sacrifice yourself for the nation." But the aristocrat of the Spirit hears another voice — the voice of the One who said to Abraham:

"Go forth." Abraham left Ur of the Chaldeans, rich and civilised, and went into the desert, not knowing where he was going, for he was seeking a city "whose architect and builder is God." Moses led the people out of Egypt, where there were pots of meat, but also slavery; the prophets fled from the kings of Israel into the desert and caves; Christ Himself said, "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man has nowhere to lay His head" (Matthew 8:20). Early Christians left their homes, cities, and empires, going into the catacombs, the mountains, and across the sea — just to remain faithful to the one Lord. Neither homeland nor flag can hold back the sons of God: the patriotism of this world is a subtle form of idolatry, where the nation is exalted

above the Kingdom, the blood of ancestors — above the Blood of Christ, the earth — above Heaven. The state demands: "Die for me, pay me, worship me" — and calls this "love for the motherland." But the son of the Kingdom replies: "My love is for Christ, and my homeland is where He reigns without rivals." If Christ is no longer the only Lord in his native land — if Caesar demands an oath of allegiance, if the laws contradict the Gospel, if the air is saturated with the lies of the majority — he is ready to gather his family, take up the traveller's staff, and leave. Not necessarily physically abroad: sometimes emigration is internal, a separation of the heart; sometimes it is external, a change of land, language, climate. The main thing is to move to a place where conscience is free, where home can be the kingdom of Christ, where children grow up without the poison of Leviathan, where the faithful gather without registration and fear. The state fears such wanderers: they are not attached to its idols, they are not afraid of losing their "homeland," they do not tremble before the threat of "betrayal." It declares them "cosmopolitans," "rootless," "enemies of the people" — but the aristocrat of the Spirit smiles: yes, I am rootless in the eyes of the world, for my root is from the Spirit; I am an enemy of your idol, for I am a friend of the One Lord. Better to wander the deserts with a small flock, seeking the city of the future, than to sit in the luxury of Babylon, where Christ is banished from public life. It is better to speak in a foreign language but preach the Gospel freely than to remain silent in one's native tongue under the censor of Caesar. Better the poverty of an emigrant in a land where one can still build a free home than the wealth of a citizen in a country where every home is a cage for beasts. This is readiness — is not the flight of cowards, but royal dignity: the son of the Heavenly King does not cling to the dust of the earth, is not afraid to lose what is temporary. He is ready to leave at any moment — like Lot from Sodom, like Israel from Egypt, like the Puritans on the Mayflower, like the faithful of our days who leave cities for villages, countries for communities where Christ can still be the only Lord. The emigration of the aristocrat of the Spirit is not a search for a "better life" in the sense of mammon, but a search for a place where one can live fully according to the Gospel: to raise children in the truth, to gather in homes without compromise, to labour without being robbed by taxes on sin, to witness without fear of persecution. As long as this readiness lives in the heart — "Paratus sum migrare" — no empire can completely captivate the soul. The homeland may fall, the flag may burn, the borders may be redrawn — but the wanderer goes on, carrying with him the fire of the Covenant. He is not tied to any place, for his treasure is in heaven; he is not afraid of loneliness, for the Lord is with him. The little flock is always on the move:

Today here, tomorrow there, but always towards the city whose architect is God. Thus, the aristocracy of the Spirit crowns its freedom with the highest act: it is ready to go where Christ is the only Lord. No chains of "homeland" under the guise of love. No idols of flag and nation. Only wandering after the One who said: "Go into all the world." In this lies the eternal victory over all earthly homelands: they crumble, borders are erased, and wanderers seeking the heavenly city come to Him Who has prepared a dwelling place for them. Better a step into the unknown with Christ than eternity in comfort without Him.

14. In hoc signo vinco: crux, non corona Caesaris.

Under this sign I conquer: the Cross, not the crown of Caesar.

"But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world" (Gal. 6:14). "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony, and they loved not their lives unto the death" (Rev. 12:11). "For whoever wants to save his life will lose it, but whoever loses his life for me and for the gospel will save it" (Mark 8:35).

The aristocrat of the Spirit knows only one banner of victory—the Cross of Christ, the tree of shame at Golgotha, which became the tree of life, the instrument of execution that turned into an invincible weapon. Not the crown of Caesar, not the eagles of empires, not the flags of nations, not the cows of triumph, not the swords and cannons of Leviathan — but the Cross, under which the world is conquered, Satan is crushed, death is trampled. When Constantine saw the sign "In hoc signo vinces" in the sky and placed it on the shields of his legions, he had already distorted the truth: the Cross of Christ does not need the swords of Caesar, it is not connected with the crown of earthly power, it does not become a symbol of empire. True victory under the Cross is victory without violence, without coercion, without the blood of enemies: victory of love, forgiveness, witness, and readiness to die, but not to kill. This world offers other signs of victory: the Caesar's crown, the golden crown of the triumphant, the laurels of the commander, orders and medals, flags flying over conquered lands, tribunes where the crowd shouts

"Glory!" The state whispers, "Take my sword, put on my crown, fight under my eagle — and you will win." But the aristocrat of the Spirit replies, "No." He saw how Christ triumphed precisely by refusing the crown: when the people wanted to make Him king by force, He went up the mountain alone (John 6:15); when Pilate offered Him power, He said, "My kingdom is not of this world"; when Peter drew his sword, He healed Malchus' ear and said, "Put your sword back in its place

yours in his place" (Matthew 26:52). Christ's victory lies in the fact that He allowed Himself to be crucified without resisting evil with violence, and it was precisely this that crushed the prince of this world. Under the Cross, the martyrs triumphed: they entered the arena unarmed, with psalms on their lips, and their blood became the seed of the Church. Under the Cross, the early Christians triumphed by refusing to swear allegiance to Caesar as lord and to worship the eagles of the legions. Under the Cross, the faithful of all ages triumphed: not taking up the sword, not seeking the crown of earthly power, not placing the flag of the nation above the banner of Calvary. Their weapon is the word of testimony, their shield is the blood of the Lamb, their strength is not to love their souls even unto death. The crowd shouts "Victory!" to the victors with crowns; God proclaims as victors those who stand beneath the Cross, naked, mocked, but faithful. The state hates this banner: it demands that the Cross bow before its crown — that Christians bless wars, swear allegiance to flags, march under eagles, and place "patriotism" above the Gospel. When the church accepts Caesar's crown — subsidies, privileges, the status of "traditional" — it already betrays the Cross, turning it into an ornament for Leviathan's throne. But the aristocrat of the Spirit does not mix banners: he does not place the Cross on tanks, does not sing "Lord, bless our weapons," does not hang an icon next to the portrait of the ruler. His banner is the pure Cross, without any admixture of earthly glory, without eagles and crowns on either side. He boasts only of it, for in it the world is crucified for him, and he for the world.

Victory under the Cross is paradoxical for the world: it looks like defeat. Christ was crucified — and He won. Martyrs were thrown to the lions — and the Church grew. The faithful were persecuted, burned, exiled — and the truth spread. The aristocrat of the Spirit is ready to lose all the battles of this world — to lose property, freedom, even life — just so as not to change his banner. He does not seek the crown of Caesar: neither position, nor honours, nor the triumph of the majority. He knows that true victory is not in conquering the world, but in not letting the world conquer the soul. When Leviathan offers "victory" through compromise — voting for the "lesser evil," blessing a "just war," remaining silent for the sake of "peace" — the son of the Kingdom responds: "In hoc signo vinco" — under this Cross, not under your crown. This banner is the crown of all the aristocracy of the Spirit: the highest power in apparent weakness, the highest glory in apparent shame. Under the Cross, the powerful of this world become nothing, and the weak become invincible. Under the Cross, empires collapse, crowns fall to the dust, eagles are broken, and the Kingdom of God stands forever. The aristocrat of the Spirit carries this banner quietly: in his heart, in his home, in his daily

testimony. He does not need triumphal arches — his triumph has already been accomplished on Calvary. Thus, the aristocracy of the Spirit affirms its ultimate victory: under this banner, I conquer — with the Cross, not with the Caesar's crown. No alliance with earthly power. No sword beside the Gospel. No crown instead of a crown of thorns. Only the Cross — pure, bare, bloody, victorious. In it is all the glory, all the power, all the freedom of the sons of God. Empires with their crowns come and go, but those who stand under the Cross inherit the Kingdom that will not be shaken. Better defeat with the Cross than victory with Caesar. For the Blood of the Lamb has already conquered the world.

15. Ego sum filius Regis, non civis reipublicae.

I am the son of the King, not a citizen of the republic.

"But our citizenship is in heaven, from where we await our Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ" (Phil. 3:20). "But you have come to Mount Zion and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to myriads of angels, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn who are enrolled in heaven" (Heb. 12:22–23). "For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come" (Heb. 13:14).

The aristocrat of the Spirit does not consider himself first and foremost a citizen of any republic, any state, or any nation — he is the son of the King of kings, a subject of the only eternal Kingdom, whose passport is written in the Blood of the Lamb in the book of life, whose name is recorded in heaven. Earthly documents — passports, identity cards, birth certificates in the clutches of Leviathan — are only a temporary mask for the traveller, a piece of paper that he carries outwardly so as not to give cause for persecution, but never accepts in his heart as a sign of true belonging. When Caesar demands, "You are my citizen, serve me, swear allegiance to me, die for me," the son of the Kingdom responds quietly but firmly, "No, I am the son of the Heavenly King, a stranger in your republic, a foreigner in your land." This world imposes citizenship from the cradle: birth in a certain territory supposedly binds the soul forever to the idol of the state, makes a person a "citizen" by right of blood or soil, demands oaths of allegiance to the constitution, the flag, the "people," as if these paper gods were higher than the Creator. The state declares: "You are mine — I have given you rights, protection, education, a pension; in return, you give me your life, your conscience, your children." But

the aristocrat of the Spirit sees in this an ancient lie: no republic, no empire has given him the breath of life, redeemed his soul, or promised him eternity. His true citizenship is in heavenly Jerusalem, where he has already entered by faith, where his name is written in the book of the firstborn, where he already sits with Christ in heaven (Eph. 2:6). Earthly papers are just a costume for travelling in a foreign country, a mask that is taken off when one comes home. My passport is in heavenly Jerusalem: there are no visas, no borders, no taxes on eternal life, no oaths to the idols of the majority. There is one King there — Christ, one law — love, one right — to be a child of God by grace. When Leviathan demands worship as a "fatherland," when it forces people to be proud of their "citizenship," to march under flags, to vote for their idols, or to die for their borders, the Son of the King smiles: "I am not a citizen of your republic, I am the son of the King, a stranger and a sojourner, like all my fathers" (cf. Hebrews 11:13). He uses earthly documents outwardly — crosses borders, pays tribute, bows his head before the authorities — but in his heart he never recognises them as his rulers. His loyalty is not to the constitution, but to the Gospel; his pride is not in the flag, but in the Cross; his hope is not in "citizens' rights," but in the promise of the city of the future. The state hates such "non-citizens": they do not belong entirely to it, they do not dissolve into the masses, they do not shout "We are the people!" with the enthusiasm of slaves. It declares them "cosmopolitans," "rootless," "internal emigrants" — but the aristocrat of the Spirit accepts these accusations as praise: yes, I am rootless in your eyes, for my root is in the Spirit; yes, I am an internal emigrant, for my dwelling is in heaven. Better to be a stranger in Caesar's republic than to betray one's King. Better to wear the mask of a citizen outwardly than to sell one's soul for the privileges of a "full-fledged" slave. The apostles did not boast of Paul's Roman citizenship—he used it as a tool, but boasted only of his weaknesses in Christ (2 Cor. 12:9–10). The early Christians did not swear allegiance to Caesar as lord, although outwardly they obeyed the laws; they were citizens of Heaven in the empire of earth. This awareness is the crown of all the aristocracy of the Spirit: the highest nobility is not in the titles of the republic, not in the "human rights" granted by Leviathan, but in the adoption by the Heavenly Father. The Son of the King is above all citizens: he does not ask for mercy from the state, he is not afraid of losing its "benefits," he does not tremble before its courts. His passport will not be revoked, his citizenship will not be taken away, his name will not be erased from the book of life. When empires demand absolute loyalty, when republics turn into totalitarian idols,

demanding a "civil religion" — the son of the King stands aside: "Ego sum filius Regis." He is a prince in exile, heir to the eternal throne, a stranger with a heavenly passport. Thus the aristocracy of the Spirit guards its primogeniture: I am the son of the King, not a citizen of the republic. No earthly papers as a sign of dignity. No loyalty to the idols of the majority. No pride in the "citizenship" of Babylon. Only royal sonship, only heavenly Jerusalem as the true homeland, only the mask of a stranger on the face of a newcomer. In this lies invincible freedom: republics collapse, passports burn, borders disappear, and the sons of the King enter the prepared city, where their Father already awaits them. Better to be a stranger on earth with a passport from Heaven than a "citizen" of a world without Christ.

16. Non porto coronam Caesaris, sed coronam vitae.

I do not wear the crown of Caesar, but the crown of life.

"Blessed is the man who endures temptation, for when he has been tested, he will receive the crown of life that God has promised to those who love Him" (James 1:12). "Be faithful until death, and I will give you the crown of life" (Revelation 2:10). "And when the Shepherd appears, you will receive the unfading crown of glory" (1 Peter 5:4).

An aristocrat of the Spirit does not seek the crowns of Caesar — neither orders, nor medals, nor honorary titles, nor the laurels of earthly glory, nor the triumphs that Leviathan bestows upon his faithful servants. He does not crave the crowns of parliaments, stars on epaulettes, diplomas from republics, titles of "honoured," "people's," or "hero of the nation." All these are cheap trinkets with which the state buys souls, turning God's free children into devoted slaves, proud of the chains placed around their necks. Earthly rewards are for plebeians: for those who know no nobility other than that which is given by the hand of Caesar; for those who are ready to sell their conscience for the praise of the majority, for a place on the podium, for a photograph with the ruler. But the son of the Kingdom awaits a different crown — the crown of life promised by the Lord Himself. This crown is not forged from the gold of empires, adorned with the precious stones of mammon, or presented to the sound of fanfare and camera flashes. It is woven from faithfulness unto death, from patience in temptations, from love that does not seek its own. It is not presented by Caesar in Red Square, but by the Shepherd on the day of His appearance — unfading, imperishable, eternal. Christ Himself wore not the crown of a triumphant, but

thorn: He rejected the crown offered by Satan for worship and accepted the shame of the Cross to give us the crown of glory. The apostles did not boast of Roman honours — they boasted of their sufferings for Christ (2 Cor. 11:23–28); martyrs went to their deaths without medals, but with the promise of the crown of life. This world showers rewards on those who serve it faithfully: those who pay their taxes with pride, those who vote as they are told, those who march under the flag, those who remain silent about sin for the sake of "unity," those who sacrifice their children on the altar

"patriotism." The state loves to hand out crowns: "Hero of Labour," "Excellence in Education," "Honorary Citizen" — all of these are chains disguised as gold, so that the plebeian will be proud of his slavery and not think about freedom. But the aristocrat of the Spirit looks at these trinkets with a quiet smile: "I do not wear the crown of Caesar." He does not apply for awards, does not hang portraits of rulers next to icons, does not boast

"merits before the fatherland." His chest is clear of earthly stars — it keeps a place for the crown that Christ will give. The state takes offence at such people: "You are not a patriot, you do not value merits, you are not proud of our glory!" But the son of the Kingdom replies: "My glory is in Christ, my merits are His Blood, my reward is the crown of life." He is ready to be the last in the eyes of the world, unknown, without titles, without honours — just so long as he does not accept the crown from the hands of Leviathan. Better to be ridiculed as a "loser", "backward", "unrecognised" than to wear the crown of Caesar, which tomorrow will turn to dust along with the empire. Earthly rewards fade with the first crisis: orders rust, titles are forgotten, yesterday's heroes become tomorrow's traitors. The crown of life is eternal: it does not fade, it is not taken away, it does not depend on the whims of the majority or the ruler.

This refusal is the highest manifestation of the aristocracy of the Spirit: contempt for earthly honours as a sign of true nobility. The plebeian craves the crown of Caesar to feel like someone; the aristocrat knows that he is a child of God, a co-heir with Christ, and does not need the trinkets of the beast. He does not envy those who are rewarded, does not strive for the podium, does not seek praise from the world. His reward is within: peace that surpasses all understanding; joy that no one can take away; hope for the crown that awaits those who are faithful to the end. Thus, the aristocracy of the Spirit completes its separation from the idols of the world: I do not wear the crown of Caesar, but I await the crown of life. No orders from Leviathan. No pride in earthly titles. No envy of the "insects" in golden chains. Only quiet faithfulness unto death, only waiting for the One who will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant... enter into the joy

of your master" (Matthew 25:21) — and will place a crown that will never fade. Empires give away their crowns and collapse; the Lord gives one — and it is eternal. Better a bare head in the eyes of the world with the promise of the crown of life than crowned by Caesar — but lost to the Kingdom.

17. Pecunia mea servit mihi, ego non servio pecuniae.

Money serves me, I do not serve it.

"You cannot serve God and mammon" (Matthew 6:24). "Instruct those who are rich in this present age not to be haughty, nor to trust in uncertain riches but in the living God, who gives us richly all things to enjoy. Let them do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to give, willing to share, storing up for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life" (1 Tim. 6:17–19). "For the love of money is the root of all evil" (1 Tim. 6:10).

An aristocrat of the Spirit is not a slave to mammon, nor is he its master in pride, but a faithful steward who has received a talent from the King of Heaven and is obliged to use it according to the will of his Master. Money for him is a tool, a servant given into his hands to serve the Kingdom: to feed his family, to welcome strangers, to help his brothers, to bear witness to God's mercy. He does not allow money to sit on the throne of his heart, does not tremble at its loss, does not chase after its multiplication for his own sake. Mammon serves him — he does not serve mammon: when necessary, he gives everything, like the widow with her two mites, like the early Christians who sold their possessions and laid the proceeds at the apostles' feet (Acts 4:34–35). This world has turned the order upside down: people serve money like slaves serve a cruel master. They work day and night for a bigger house, a better car, a bigger bank account, sacrificing their family, health, conscience, and faith. The state and banks contribute to this slavery: loans, mortgages, investments, pensions — all promise "security" in exchange for the eternal pursuit of mammon. Advertising whispers, "You are what you have"; the majority proclaims,

"Wealth is success." But the aristocrat of the Spirit hears a different voice: "Do not store up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moths and rust destroy, and where thieves break in and steal" (Matthew 6:19). He knows that money is an uncertain wealth, here today, gone tomorrow; it does not accompany us into eternity, it does not redeem the soul, it does not give peace to the heart.

Like the steward in the parable of the talents, he receives his from the King and is accountable only to Him. He does not bury his talent in the ground out of fear, nor does he squander it on the whims of the flesh. He uses the money according to the will of his Master: first of all, he cares for his own, especially his household (1 Tim. 5:8); then he does good to those in need, especially his brothers in faith (Gal. 6:10); he gives alms secretly, so that his left hand does not know what his right hand is doing (Matt. 6:3–4). His generosity is not ostentatious, not through the public funds of Leviathan, but personal, heartfelt, voluntary. He becomes rich in good deeds, gathering treasure in heaven. The state loves it when people serve mammon: a slave to money is an obedient slave to Caesar, for the fear of losing wealth makes him submissive, ready to pay taxes for wars and vices, to remain silent about sin, to vote for "stability." But the aristocrat of the Spirit is free from this fear: he lives simply, avoids the chains of debt, does not chase after excesses, and is always ready to give everything, as the rich young man was called to do but could not (Mark 10:21–22). Better poverty in freedom than wealth in slavery to mammon. He is not arrogant with wealth, if he has it, and does not despair in poverty, for he trusts in the living God, who gives everything abundantly. This attitude is the highest sign of the aristocracy of the Spirit: money is subordinate, the heart belongs to Christ. The plebeian serves mammon, measuring himself by his bank account; the son of the King makes mammon serve himself and the Kingdom. He is not afraid of inflation, crises, or confiscations — his treasure is elsewhere. When Leviathan offers "prosperity" through the service of money — a career, investments, savings under his "protection" — the aristocrat replies: "*Pecunia mea servit mihi.*" Money is my servant, not my master; I spend it according to the will of the King, not according to the whims of the world. Thus, the aristocracy of the Spirit protects the freedom of the heart: money serves me, I do not serve it. No love of money as the root of all evil. No pursuit of false wealth. No dependence on mammon under the guise of "success." Only faithful stewardship of talents, only generosity at the behest of the Spirit, only treasure in heaven as true wealth. When the Master comes, He will say to the faithful steward:

"Well done, good and faithful servant! ... enter into the joy of your master" (Matthew 25:21). Empires with their currencies collapse, banks go bankrupt, billions turn to nothing — but the crown of life and eternal treasure remain with those who did not serve mammon, but made it serve the Kingdom. Better poverty with Christ on the throne of the heart than wealth with mammon in it.

18. Filiis meis do hereditatem regni, non reipublicae.

I pass on to my children the heritage of the Kingdom, not "civil rights."

"And these words which I command you today shall be in your heart. You shall teach them diligently to your children, and shall talk of them when you sit in your house, when you walk by the way, when you lie down, and when you rise up" (Deut. 6:6-7). "And you, fathers, do not provoke your children to anger, but bring them up in the discipline and instruction of the Lord" (Eph. 6:4). "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it" (Prov. 22:6).

The aristocrat of the Spirit passes on to children not the fragile "citizens' rights" of the republic—the paper promises of Leviathan, which tomorrow may be taken away by decree, revolution, or majority vote—but the eternal inheritance of the Kingdom of Heaven: faith in Christ, fear of God, freedom of conscience, knowledge of Scripture, love of truth, and the ability to live as strangers in a fallen world. He does not leave them a legacy of "civil rights" — the illusion of protection from the state, which itself gives and takes them away — but the right to be children of God, princes of the Spirit, co-heirs with Christ. This inheritance does not depend on constitutions, flags, or borders: it is recorded in the book of life, sealed with the Blood of the Lamb, and guarded by the King of kings Himself. The world teaches parents: "Give your children to the republic — it will give them rights, education, a career, a pension, equality." The state declares children to be its property: school is a factory for the formation of "citizens," where they are instilled with loyalty to Caesar, pride in the nation, tolerance of sin, envy under the guise of justice, and fear of the majority. There, propagandists in the role of teachers erase the image of God, replacing it with the image of the beast: they teach that good and evil are determined by the law of the state, that success lies in serving Mammon, that freedom lies in voting for idols. Parents who send their children to this conveyor belt think that they are leaving them

"future"; in reality, they deprive them of their true heritage, turning the princes of the Kingdom into plebeians of the republic. But the aristocrat of the Spirit whispers: "Filiis meis do hereditatem regni." He himself teaches his children — by the hearth, on the road, morning and evening: he tells them about Christ, reads Scripture, sets an example of faithfulness, teaches them to distinguish light from darkness, truth from the lies of Leviathan. They learn from their parents, not from propagandists: the father is Christ's representative in the home, passing on the Law of the Lord from heart to heart; the mother is the guardian of grace, raising her children in tenderness and the fear of God. Children grow up not as "citizens of the world," but as

strangers seeking the city of the future; not slaves to the rights given by Caesar, but free children of the Heavenly Father. They know that their rights do not come from the constitution, but from adoption by grace; their protection is not the police of Leviathan, but the Angels of the Lord; their future is not the pension of the republic, but the crown of life. The state hates such inheritance: it demands a monopoly on the souls of children, declaring home education

"backwardness," "isolation," and a "threat to socialisation." It frightens with fines, child welfare services, and mandatory programmes — everything to wrest the child from the hands of his parents and instil its propaganda in him. But the son of the Kingdom stands firm: the children are mine, entrusted to me by God, not to the republic. I pass on to them the fire of their fathers' faith, not the cold "rights" of the majority. Better children without Caesar's diplomas, but with Scripture in their hearts; better without

"socialisation" in sin, but with a clear conscience; better poverty in the freedom of the Kingdom than "rights" in Babylonian slavery. This transfer is the crown of the entire aristocracy of the Spirit: succession not by blood or property, but by grace. The lineage continues not in the citizens of empires that collapse, but in the children of God who stand forever. As long as fathers and mothers instil the words of the Lord in their children — sitting at home, walking along the road, lying down and rising up — the Kingdom of God lives on earth, like leaven in dough. Children grow up not as servants of Leviathan, but as aristocrats of the Spirit: free, faithful, shining in the darkness. Thus, the aristocracy of the Spirit protects the future: I pass on to children the inheritance of the Kingdom, not the "civil rights" of the republic. No propagandists instead of parents. No schools of the beast instead of home, as a small Church. No paper "rights" instead of eternal adoption. Only fatherly instruction, only motherly prayer, only the passing of fire from heart to heart. Empires leave ruins and debts to their children; fathers in Christ leave the crown of life and a prepared city. Better a small flock of faithful children than thousands of "citizens" without Christ. In this lies the victory of the remnant: the generations of the righteous will be blessed, and their seed will inherit the Kingdom forever.

19. Loquor cum auctoritate, quia scio cui credidi.

I speak with authority, knowing whom I have believed (2 Tim. 1:12).

An aristocrat of the Spirit does not seek permission from the world to proclaim the truth. His word bears the seal of the Kingdom of Heaven, for it is not born of human wisdom, nor of

fear of public opinion or desire for approval from the authorities. He speaks confidently and directly because he relies on the One who is the Truth itself — Christ.

Knowing to Whom he has entrusted his life frees him from the slavish desire to please people, from the need to conform to the spirit of the times or to soften the sharp edges of the Gospel. Where the commoner whispers and looks around, the aristocrat of the Spirit proclaims loudly and clearly. His authority does not come from rank, titles, or majority votes, but from the Holy Spirit who testifies in him. Therefore, he does not ask permission to speak, does not justify himself, and does not apologise for the Word of God — he simply conveys it as the King's messenger.

20. Non timeo mortem, quia mors mihi lucrum est.

I am not afraid of death — it is a gain.

"For to me, to live is Christ, and to die is gain" (Phil. 1:21). "If we have died with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with Him" (Rom. 6:8). "For I know that this will turn out for my deliverance... and I will not be ashamed, but with all boldness, as always, so now also Christ will be magnified in my body, whether by life or by death" (Phil. 1:19–20).

The aristocrat of the Spirit does not view death as the end, as a terrible judge in black, but as a door to fulfilment, as an acquisition, as final liberation from the chains of the fallen world. He has already died with Christ in baptism — died to sin, to the world, to Leviathan — and therefore physical death only removes the last veil, transferring him from pilgrimage to the Fatherland, from struggle to the crown, from shadow to the light of the Face of God. This world keeps people in slavery precisely through the fear of death: the threat of prison, confiscation, pain, shame, loss of loved ones, the end of "life" in the flesh. The state skilfully exploits this fear: "Obey — or lose your freedom, property, health, life." But the son of the Kingdom, for whom death is a gain, stands above all threats: nothing can keep him in compromise, in silence, in idolatry. Those who have died with Christ are not intimidated by prison or confiscation: what can be taken from someone who has already given everything to the Lord? Prison is just a cramped cell where prayer sounds clearer; confiscation is just liberation from the decay of property; execution is just a quick transition to the One whom he loves more than life itself. The Apostle Paul wrote in chains: "Death is gain," and rejoiced that he could glorify Christ even through death. Martyrs went to the arena singing, early Christians kissed their chains, and the faithful of all ages smiled.

executioners — for they knew that Leviathan could kill the body, but the soul was already free, already with Christ, already beyond the reach of the beast. Fear of death is Caesar's last weapon; when this weapon is broken by faith, the empire remains powerless. This world fears death and therefore clings to life at any cost: it sells its conscience for "security," remains silent about sin for the sake of comfort, serves Mammon and Leviathan, just to prolong its days in decay. The state promises

"protection" from death — medicine, the army, pensions, insurance — but all this is only a postponement, for which absolute obedience is required. But the aristocrat of the Spirit has already passed through death in baptism: he died to the world, and the world to him; he lives by Christ, and therefore physical death is not a loss, but a pure gain. He does not cling to days, does not tremble at a diagnosis, does not sell his freedom for the illusion of prolonging life. Better a short life in faithfulness than a long one in betrayal. This fearlessness is the highest power of the aristocracy of the Spirit: when a person is not afraid of death, no tyranny can break him. Leviathan loses its leverage: threats of prison, fines, confiscation, even execution — all become empty words. The Christian responds like the three youths in the furnace:

"Our God is powerful to save, but even if he does not save us, we will not serve your gods" (cf. Dan. 3:17–18). He is free to bear witness to the truth, to reject idols, to live fully according to the Gospel — for the worst thing the world can do is to give him gain. As long as "*mors mihi lucrum est*" lives in the heart, no empire can captivate the soul completely. States are held together by the fear of death; the Kingdom of God — by victory over it. The martyrs conquered Rome not with swords, but with their willingness to die; the faithful conquer modern Babylon in the same way: not fearing to lose their lives, they preserve them in eternity. Thus the aristocracy of the Spirit reaches its peak: I am not afraid of death — it is a gain. No slavery to fear. No selling of conscience for a reprieve. No trembling before prison, confiscation, or execution. Only the boldness of Paul: Christ will be magnified in my body, whether by life or by death. Empires kill bodies — and collapse; the sons of the Kingdom die — and inherit eternal life. Better death with Christ than life without Him. For those who have died with Him, death is no longer an enemy, but a servant leading to the Father's abode.

21. Hospitalitas mea regalis est.

My hospitality is royal.

"Do not forget to show hospitality to strangers, for by so doing some people have shown hospitality to angels without knowing it" (Hebrews 13:2). "Then the King will say to those on his right, 'Come, you who are blessed by my Father; take your inheritance, the kingdom prepared for you since the creation of the world. For I was hungry and you gave me something to eat, I was thirsty, and you gave me drink; I was a stranger, and you took me in' (Matthew 25:35–40). "And Abraham sat at the entrance of his tent during the heat of the day. And he looked up and saw three men standing opposite him... And he said, Lord, if I have found favour in thy sight, pass not by thy servant; let a little water be brought, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves under the tree; and I will fetch a piece of bread" (Genesis 18:1–5).

The aristocrat of the Spirit opens the door of his house wide and without calculation — not as a host expecting profit or praise, but as a prince of the Kingdom of Heaven, knowing that true hospitality is a royal gift, a sign of the highest nobility. He welcomes strangers as Abraham welcomed the Lord under the oak trees of Mamre: without asking for identification, without checking their "status," without fear of wasting time or bread, but with joy and respect, washing their feet, offering them the best place by the hearth, sharing the last piece. This act reflects Christ Himself, who came as a stranger without a home, seeking shelter in the hearts of men.

This world has turned hospitality into a calculation: hotels for money, reception only "their own," assistance through Leviathan's public funds, where charity is depersonalised, taxed, and controlled by the state. Fear of "strangers," fear of losing property, suspicion of the poor at the doorstep — all these are the fruits of slavery to mammon and Caesar. The state teaches: "Do not let strangers in — they may be a threat; help through us, through taxes, through programmes." But the aristocrat of the Spirit hears a different call: the beggar at the door may be an angel, may be Christ Himself in the form of a rejected one. In every hungry, thirsty, stranger — the Face of the One who will say on the day of judgment: "They did it to me." Royal hospitality is not the luxury of the rich, but the simplicity of the faithful: bread and water, a place by the fire, a word of comfort, prayer together. It does not expect reciprocity, does not require documents, does not distinguish between the "worthy" and the "unworthy." As Abraham hastened to the Three, not knowing Who

they were, so the son of the Kingdom hastens to one — poor, dirty, a stranger — for in him the Lord is hidden. This hospitality is a weapon against the levelling of the world: in it, personality, difference, and freedom are preserved; in it, love flourishes without coercion, without the bureaucracy of the beast. The home of the aristocrat of the Spirit is always Abraham's open tent: the door is unlocked, the table is set, the heart is ready. The state fears such hospitality: it is uncontrollable, untaxable, unregistrable; it creates connections outside its networks, communities without its permission, mercy without its mediation. It declares the stranger a "migrant threat," the beggar a "freeloader," and aid a "violation." But the aristocrat of the Spirit stands above: his house is a small kingdom where Christ reigns, and the stranger enters as a guest of the King. It is better to give your last than to refuse a possible angel; it is better to take a risk than to close the door of your heart. This hospitality is one of the brightest signs of the aristocracy of the Spirit: in it there is greatness in humility, wealth in generosity, victory in giving. A plebeian accepts only equals or those who are useful; the King's son accepts everyone, for all are potential bearers of Christ. In this act, the house becomes the threshold of the Kingdom of Heaven, the table a prototype of the Lamb's supper, the stranger a brother in Christ, the host a servant to all. Thus the aristocracy of the Spirit shines in a fallen world: my hospitality is royal. No closed doors out of fear. No help through the paw of Leviathan. No calculation in mercy. Only an open tent, only washed feet, only bread broken with those who have come in the name of the Lord. For in every stranger is Christ Himself, and by receiving him, we receive the One who said, "What you did for me, you did for my Father." Better a poor house full of guests than a rich but empty and cold one. In this is the eternal joy of the sons of the Kingdom: guests come and go, but the reward remains forever.

22. My clothing is simple and dignified.

My clothing is simple, but dignified.

"Likewise, I want women to adorn themselves with proper clothing, with modesty and self-control, not with braided hair and gold or pearls or costly clothing, but with good works, as is proper for women who profess godliness" (1 Tim. 2:9–10).

"Let your adornment be not merely external—the braiding of hair, the wearing of gold jewellery, or the putting on of fine apparel—but let it be the hidden person of the heart, with the imperishable beauty of a gentle and quiet spirit, which is precious in God's sight" (1 Pet. 3:3–4).

An aristocrat of the Spirit dresses simply but with dignity—not to attract the attention of the world, not to display wealth or status, but so that clothing is only a modest covering that does not distract from the inner light. His clothes are clean, neat, comfortable for work and travel, without excess, without bright colours, without expensive fabrics that scream pride or slavery to fashion. Simplicity is a sign of freedom from mammon; dignity is a sign of royal origin. He does not adorn his body with gold, logos, brands, and foreign coats of arms, for he knows that true adornment is the imperishable beauty of a meek and silent spirit, good deeds, and the radiance of Christ in the soul. This world has turned clothing into an idol: fashion houses, brands, logos — the new coats of arms of earthly princes, which people wear with the pride of lackeys, paying huge sums of money for the right to advertise someone else's name on their chest. A person becomes a walking signboard: on him

— Corporate logos, national flags, symbols of "success" that scream "I belong to this world." The state and the market love this: the uniform of the "consumer citizen," where everyone displays their price, their status, their submission to the fashion of the majority. But the aristocrat of the Spirit rejects such emblems: they are for lackeys, for those who need external signs to feel like someone. The Son of the King does not wear foreign emblems — neither corporate, nor national, nor "status" ones. His chest is clean: there is only room for the invisible Cross imprinted on his heart. His clothes are like those of a wanderer: simple, durable, not restricting the movement of the Spirit. He does not follow fashion, which changes at the whim of designers and markets, forcing people to throw away the old and buy the new every few years, feeding Mammon. He is not ashamed of patches and mends, for he knows that the rags of the righteous are better than the purple of the wicked. The women in his house adorn themselves not with braided hair and jewellery, but with modesty, chastity and good deeds; men do not adorn themselves with expensive suits and watches, but with strength of spirit and faithfulness. The whole family is dressed in such a way as not to distract from the main thing: from the testimony of Christ, from the freedom of service, from the readiness to wander. The state and the world condemn such simplicity: "You are backward, outdated, unsuccessful." Advertisements whisper: "Buy our brand and you will be significant." But the aristocrat of the Spirit smiles: my significance is in Christ, my dignity is in being adopted by the Father. He does not spend his talents on expensive clothes, but uses them for the Kingdom: to help those in need, to show hospitality, to raise children in the truth. Simplicity of clothing is a shield against pride and envy; dignity is

a reflection of inner nobility. This garment is one of the quiet signs of the aristocracy of the Spirit: in a world where everyone shouts about themselves with their clothes, it remains silent and shines from within. A plebeian needs other people's coats of arms to appear; the prince of the Kingdom knows who he is and does not need trinkets. Better a simple tunic with a clear conscience than a designer suit with a slave soul. Thus, the aristocracy of the Spirit manifests itself even in fabric: clothing is simplicity and dignity. No foreign coats of arms or logos. No chasing after the fashion of mammon. No external tinsel instead of inner light. Only the modest dress of a wanderer, only the imperishable beauty of the spirit, precious before God. Empires adorn their lackeys with purple and gold — and they fall with them; the sons of the Kingdom dress in simplicity — and enter the Kingdom, where their clothes will shine like the sun. Better the rags of a righteous man than the royal robes without Christ.

23. In disputando non descendo ad plebem.

In disputes, I do not stoop to the rabble.

"Do not give what is holy to dogs, and do not throw your pearls before swine, lest they trample them underfoot and turn to attack you" (Matthew 7:6). "For there must be factions among you, that those who are approved may be recognised" (1 Corinthians 11:19).

"A fool vents all his anger, but a wise man keeps it in check" (Proverbs 29:11).

An aristocrat of the Spirit does not engage in disputes with the rabble — not because he despises people, but because he knows the value of truth and the value of the pearls of grace. He does not stoop to shouting, insults, demagoguery, emotional outbursts, and manipulations, which fill the squares, forums and networks of modern Babylon. When the crowd roars, demands

"proof" in the form of memes, ridicules, resorts to personal attacks, distorts words and tramples the sacred in the mud of passions — he remains silent or leaves, not casting pearls before swine. For the pearls of the Gospel, the pearls of conscience, the pearls of reason are not meant to be trampled underfoot by the herd, but for those who have ears to hear and hearts to seek. This world has declared that the loudest voice is right: whoever is louder, more sarcastic, or has collected more "likes" is right. The democracy of disputes is a marketplace where truth is drowned out by the noise of the majority, where facts are replaced by emotions, and reason by slogans. Social networks, television shows, parliamentary tribunes are arenas where the mob triumphs, trampling on pearls and tearing apart those who

who brought it. The state and the media encourage this chaos: it distracts from real issues, channels anger into a safe outlet, and makes people slaves to their passions. But the aristocrat of the Spirit stands above: he does not prove the truth by voting, does not defend the Gospel with insults, does not stoop to the level of those who have already decided not to listen. He speaks the truth — clearly, quietly, once — to those who are able to perceive it. To the meek, he speaks meekly; to those who seek, he speaks boldly; to the wise, he speaks profoundly. But when he sees pigs ready to trample or dogs ready to tear apart, he falls silent and leaves, just as Christ was silent before Herod, just as Paul shook the dust from his feet. Not out of pride, but out of reverence for the sacred: truth does not need to be defended with shouting; it will reveal itself on the day of judgement. Silence before the mob is not defeat, but the preservation of dignity; refusal to argue on its terms is not weakness, but supreme strength. Truth is not in the cry of the majority: the voice of the crowd crucified Christ, the voice of the majority chose Barabbas, the voice of "progressive humanity" always tramples on the prophets. Democracy of souls is an illusion: fifty million voices can be wrong, and one person in Christ can be right. An aristocrat of the Spirit does not seek the approval of the masses, is not afraid of being called an "outcast," a "sectarian,"

or "backward." He knows that experienced people reveal themselves in dissent, not in a chorus of agreement. His dispute is not with the mob, but with the conscience of individual souls; his victory is not in "winning the argument," but in the fact that the seed of the word has fallen on good soil. The state fears such silence: it wants everyone to argue in its squares, within its framework, according to its rules — then disputes become a spectacle, and the truth is lost. But when the faithful refuse to play this game, turn away from the clamour of the masses, and keep the pearls for the worthy, Leviathan loses its power over minds. The quiet testimony of one is stronger than the noise of millions.

This restraint is a sign of true aristocracy of the Spirit: in a world where everyone shouts, he speaks softly or remains silent; in a world where everyone throws pearls into the mud, he saves them for those who are able to see beauty. The plebeian argues hoarsely to prove his "rightness"; the prince of the Kingdom knows that truth does not need such proof. Thus, the aristocracy of the Spirit protects what is sacred: in disputes, I do not stoop to the level of the rabble. No pearls before swine. No truth in the clamour of the majority. No condescension to the level of passions and insults. Only a quiet word in the ear of the seeker, only silence before the roaring herd, only faithfulness to the One Who Himself was silent before Pilate and Herod.

Better to be torn apart for silence than to be the winner in a dispute with the mob. For truth will triumph not in the noise of the stands, but in the silence of hearts open to the Lord.

24. Beneficium meum facio sine expectatione reciproci.

I do good without reciprocity, for I have received everything from the Father.

“But love your enemies, do good, and lend, expecting nothing in return, and your reward will be great, and you will be sons of the Most High; for He is kind to the ungrateful and the wicked” (Luke 6:35). "In everything I have shown you that by working hard in this way we must help the weak and remember the words of the Lord Jesus, for he himself said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive'" (Acts 20:35).

An aristocrat of the Spirit does good without expecting gratitude in return, without expecting reciprocity, without a secret desire for praise or profit. He gives as the Heavenly Father gives His sun and rain to the righteous and the unrighteous: generously, unconditionally, without calculation. Everything he has — life, forgiveness, grace, even his last piece of bread — is received as a gift from the Father, Who first loved us and gave His Son for the ungrateful and wicked. That is why his benevolence flows freely: to the beggar at the door, to the enemy in need, to the stranger without shelter, to the brother in distress — without asking, "What will I get in return?" This world has built everything

"Kindness" in exchange: service for service, gift for gift, help for loyalty. The state replaces personal charity with state-imposed "social justice," where kindness is compulsory, taxed, and distributed according to the whims of the majority. Friendship becomes a contract, love a transaction, generosity an investment in "connections." A person who does good with the expectation of reciprocity remains a slave: he is afraid of being in debt, afraid of ingratitude, and measures himself by how much he has been "repaid." But the aristocrat of the Spirit has already received everything — infinitely more than he can give: forgiveness of sins, adoption, eternal life. His vessel is filled to the brim with grace, and therefore he can give without fear of emptying himself. He gives charity secretly, as Christ commanded: the left hand does not know what the right hand is doing (Matthew 6:3–4). He does not expect gratitude, does not take offence at ingratitude, does not remind others of the good he has done. If he receives love in return, he accepts it with joy; if he encounters malice, he prays for his offender, remembering that he himself was once an enemy of God. His reward is not from men, but from the Father, Who sees in secret

and rewards openly. It is more blessed to give than to receive, for in giving, a person becomes like God Himself, Who is Love. The state fears such generosity: it is uncontrollable, untaxable, and not directed toward the "public good." It gives rise to real connections—between hearts, not between account numbers. It destroys envy and class hatred, for goodness flows from one to another without the intermediary of Leviathan. That is why the world teaches: "Don't give for nothing — they will use you"; "First yourself, then others"; "Help through foundations — it's safer that way." But the son of the Kingdom replies:

"I have already received everything from the Father — I am not afraid to remain without a gift in return." This unconditional benevolence is one of the highest signs of the aristocracy of the Spirit: in a world of calculation and exchange, he gives freely, as Christ Himself gave Himself for those who crucified Him. The plebeian gives in order to receive; the prince of the Kingdom gives because he has already received everything. It is better to be deceived in the eyes of the world than to lose the likeness of the Father. It is better to give to the ungrateful and be mocked than to close one's heart and be like the rich man who passed by the beaten man (Luke 10:30–37). Thus, the aristocracy of the Spirit manifests itself in quiet generosity: I do good without expecting anything in return. No keeping score of favours. No resentment for ingratitude. No help through Caesar's hand. Only an open hand, only a heart full of the grace received, only likeness to the One who loved us first. For everything we have is a gift; and everything we give is only a return to the Father of what He first gave us. In this lies the true wealth of the sons of the Kingdom: the more you give, the fuller the vessel. It is more blessed to give — and in this blessing the Kingdom already begins.

25. Conventicula mea libera et spontanea.

My gatherings are free and voluntary.

"For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them" (Matthew 18:20). "And every day they continued to meet together in the temple courts. They broke bread in their homes and ate together with glad and sincere hearts" (Acts 2:46). "Greet also the church in their house" (Rom. 16:5).

The aristocrat of the Spirit gathers with his brothers not because he is compelled by statute, not because he has the permission of Caesar, not because it is scheduled by the institution, but freely and voluntarily — when his heart calls him, when the Spirit moves him, when two or three feel the need to pray together,

breaking bread, reading the Word, and mutual instruction. His conventicula is not a registered organisation with a seal from the Ministry of Justice, not a legal entity with reports, taxes, and Leviathan control, but a living gathering of the Body of Christ: small, simple, homely, where Christ Himself is present among those gathered in His Name. Here there is no hierarchy of this world — no chairmen, no treasurers with bank accounts, no protocols for inspectors; here there is only communion through the Holy Spirit and the Word of God, free from any yoke of Caesar in that which belongs exclusively to God. This world wants to subjugate every gathering to itself: the state requires registration in order to

"legally" worship; it gives privileges — buildings, subsidies, status — in exchange for silence about sin and for the blessing of its idols. The registered "church" becomes an appendage of the republic: its gatherings are supervised, its finances are accountable, its word is muffled so as not to offend the majority or the authorities. But the aristocrat of the Spirit rejects this chain: his meetings are like in the days of the apostles, in homes, with joy and simplicity of heart. The brothers come without invitations from officials, leave without reports; they break bread not according to a liturgy approved from above, but at the behest of the Spirit; they sing psalms not for the public, but for the Lord.

Such communities are not corporations of this world, but living members of the Body of Christ: they are born of love, grow in freedom, multiply quietly, like seeds in the ground. No one forces anyone to come — those whose hearts are burning come; no one forces anyone to stay — they leave without shame if their conscience dictates. There are no membership fees to Caesar's treasury, no mandatory deductions for "building maintenance"; help for the poor comes from heart to heart, secretly and voluntarily. The state fears such conventicula: they are uncontrollable, innumerable, elusive; they do not need its "protection," do not ask for its permission, do not bow before its laws in matters of faith. When Leviathan demands

When asked about "registration," the son of the Kingdom replies: "Where two or three are gathered in Christ's name, there is the Church, and no Caesar has the power to define or prohibit it." Free and voluntary gatherings are a bastion of purity in a fallen world: there is no room here for compromise with the idols of progress or democracy; here discipline is strict, as in early Christian times; here the whole truth is preached, even if it burns the conscience of the majority. Here children participate in prayer from birth, here marriages are concluded before God, here help flows without bureaucracy. If is needed — gather secretly, in the catacombs

of modernity; if possible — openly, but always independently of the mark of the beast. This gathering is the crown of the aristocracy of the Spirit: in a world of forced "communities," compulsory memberships, and controlled associations, it preserves the freedom of the Spirit. Plebeians gather by order or for profit; princes of the Kingdom — by the call of the heart and the presence of the Lord. Better two or three by the hearth with Christ in the midst than thousands in a grand temple without Him. Thus, the aristocracy of the Spirit protects the Body of Christ in its original beauty: my gatherings are free and voluntary. No legal entities of this world. No chains of registration and subsidies. No coercion in what belongs to God. Only small conventicula in homes, only the joy of breaking bread, only the presence of the Risen One among those gathered in His Name. States prohibit or register — and collapse; free gatherings of the faithful multiply quietly and stand forever, until the day when all the small flocks merge into the great feast of the Lamb.

Anathema to the modern world:

Anathema to democracy, this abomination of desolation, where the voice of the harlot is equal to the voice of the saint, where millions of cattle decide what is truth and what is sin.

Anathema to the idolatrous state, which demands oaths, passports, taxes, and obedience, as if it were not a temporary band of thieves, but the eternal lord of souls.

Anathema to the "social contract," that lie of Rousseau, according to which I was supposedly "born a debtor" to foreign laws written by sodomites and usurers.

Anathema to elections, this satanic farce, where the son of God the King must ask permission from the slaves of mammon to decide how to live.

Anathema to the state school, that factory of godlessness, where my children are taught that they are animals, that sin is normal, and that shame is a disease.

Anathema to taxes, this legalised robbery, when Caesar robs the sons of the King to feed harlots, godless people and parasites.

Anathema to "human rights" without God, this charter of the beast, where the right to kill babies in the womb is higher than the right to live according to the commandments.

Anathema to tolerance, this spiritual leprosy, where truth must apologise to lies, and Christ must stand in line with Buddha and Mohammed.

Anathema to equality, this envy of the fallen, which drags saints into the mud so that no one shines above the rabble.

Anathema to progress, this idol that promises paradise on earth through vaccines, algorithms and Sodom parades, but gives only emptiness and death.

Anathema to the media, these new Sanhedrins who crucify the Truth every day and cry out, "Crucify Him!"

Anathema to "civil society," where NGOs replace the Church, activists replace martyrs, and the rainbow flag replaces the Cross.

Anathema to all who say, "The world has changed, we must adapt." No!
The world has fallen, but I will not fall with it!

Let everything that is not of Christ be anathema.

Let there be anathema until the last son of God comes out of this Babylon, shakes the dust from his feet, and says:

"My kingdom is not of this world."

And whoever is not with Him is already anathema, whether he wants it or not.

Maranatha.

Come, Lord Jesus, and smash this world like a potter's vessel.

Amen.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "A. D. N. H. O. B. E.".